

Sparks of Resistance



For Mumia with Love

*International Political Prisoner Unite to Save
Mumia Abu-Jamal:
Art and Writings Against the Death Penalty*

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International Political Prisoners Unite to Save Mumia Abu-Jamal:

Art and Writings Against the Death Penalty

More than 125 political prisoners from the United States, France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Ireland, Chile, Peru, Italy and Denmark have joined together to create, *International Political Prisoners Unite to Save Mumia Abu-Jamal: Art and Writings Against the Death Penalty*. They have united using their creativity, spirit and strength to join in the fight for their brother Mumia's life. Through their prison cells and isolation, they have recognized that the life of one is the life of us all.

The goals the political prisoners have defined for this project are simple: work for the release of Mumia; raise money for Mumia's legal defense; educate against the proliferation of the death penalty; and educate and work for the freedom of political prisoners worldwide.

This innovative prisoner-to-prisoner solidarity effort is a unique blend of visual art and creative writing that comes to life with the assistance of concerned individuals, family, artists and activists outside of prison. This traveling exhibition and performances of prisoner authored writings was unveiled in New York City in December, 1994. Since then it has traveled to a host of cities and venues spreading its impactful message and starkly clear insight of life behind the barbed wire and walls of prison. It is a clear and renewing awakening to the reality that the strength and humanity of the human spirit cannot be shattered by torture, isolation and life imprisonment. An awakening of the necessity to struggle for others in order to better ourselves.

This project is a beacon of hope towards resisting the incredible trend of endless incarceration that is rapidly becoming the standard around the world, particularly in the United States. This poetry book, this art, this project enables all of us to travel down an extraordinary path of solidarity with these women and men in their efforts to help save the life of Mumia Abu-Jamal and for the betterment of us all.

Read! Enjoy! Learn! Resist!

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Mumia Abu-Jamal

Mumia Abu-Jamal is an African-American journalist and advocate for racial and economic justice. He is currently on Death Row in Pennsylvania. In 1982, Mumia was convicted of killing a Philadelphia police officer and sentenced to death despite considerable evidence pointing to his innocence. The prosecutor emphasized Mumia's Black Panther past in a successful attempt to get the nearly all-white jury to vote for the death penalty.

At the time of his arrest, Mumia was a prominent Philadelphia radio journalist, president of the Philadelphia chapter of the National Association of Black Journalists. Mumia's coverage of the trial and conviction of nine members of the MOVE organization - stemming from a 1978 police attack of a MOVE home - challenged the police's use of force and the fairness of the trial. Then-mayor and former police chief Frank Rizzo publicly attacked the "new breed of advocacy journalism." Mumia's's unrelenting exposure of police violence made him a target of one of the most brutal and racist police departments in the country.

If Mumia is successfully murdered by the state of Pennsylvania, it will be the first political execution in the United States since Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were electrocuted in 1953.

Pennsylvania governor Tom Ridge signed a death warrant for Mumia on June 1, 1995. Immediately following, Mumia's legal team filed an official Post Conviction Appeal for a new trial based on new evidence. Through the months of June, July and August an intense campaign took place to win a stay of execution while Mumia's PCA hearing was taking place. This hearing and the decision to grant a stay of execution was before Mumia's original trial judge, Albert Sabo. Known as the "Hanging Judge," Sabo has sentenced more people to death than any other judge in the United States, the majority of those people being Black and oppressed. The antics of this racist judge echoed the antics that certainly appeared in Mumia's first, unjust and unfair hearing and served to further exemplify the need for a new trial.

Even though a stay of execution was granted for Mumia, Judge Sabo denied his Post Conviction Appeal. Mumia is preparing to appeal to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. Now is the time to strengthen our resolve in the fight for Mumia's life. Demand that Attorney General Janet Reno initiate an investigation into violations of Mumia's civil rights under the Federal Civil Rights act. While Reno cannot issue a new trial, it is clear that Mumia's conviction was politically motivated and Reno, as attorney general, has the clear political power to ensure justice in this case!! 9/27/95

Phone, Fax and Write Her!!

Attorney General Janet Reno

Main Justice Building

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Washington, DC 20053 phone (2010 514-2001 fax (201) 514-4371

If They Were Going To Kill My Brother

If they were going to kill my brother

I would raise him... rescue him

steal him away from the murderous

thugs of the state.

They don't need his life no how!

They can't sell it for twice what it's worth

'cause there ain't that much money in the world.

So what for do they want it!?

He don't mean nothin' no way

'cept to those of us who love him

and need him

and can't do without him.

I always wonder why we let our freedom fighters

rot their lives away in a murder-for-hire plot

rigged by the state.

Folks be marching and hollering

and carrying signs crying his name

demanding his freedom, but

if signs and words could free him

he woulda been free a long time ago

This is not about revolution & we don't need

the masses to rise up and wrest away the means

of production from the criminal class

This is about our brother's life.

HIS LIFE!!!

and it only takes a few of us who don't want him dead.

There is no magic in a uniform and badge

even if the State, Nation & World Rulers

are behind those symbols.

**So if somebody wants him free, there he is
over there in that dungeon, guarded by folks
that bleed when they're hurt, just like you and me.**

**Jonathan, the child/man had the idea
and the brains
and the courage...**

**he just didn't have the understanding that the state will
throw away functionaries within their apparatus
like they were dirty toilet tissue, and never look back.**

**Fredrick Douglas said
"Power conceded nothing without a DEMAND.
It never has and it never will."**

**Carlos said: "You do things with bullets
because bullets are real."**

**It has to start somewhere & sometime
What better place than here?
What better time than Now?**

FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL

For Mumia

I wonder what you do with fear
do you give it space to float
between the shadows of the bars that crisscross
lines of mouse gray cinderblocks
in the mustard yellow lights does it change
into moving shapes of ghosts in pale green masks

I imagine
that you let fear flow
like tears
which wash away the salt it brings

I wonder how you plant your hope
do you walk in fields of dreams
or find it in the magic of a spider's web
in the ceiling corner of your cell,
in the constancy of seasons
in the tenderness
that somehow
survives.

I wonder how you grow your life
in a row that they call death
Is it true
not enough hours in the day exist
to write all the articles in your mind
that sleep takes away
from finding legal points to save the
lives of others on your tier
that life is full
when you are full of life
I wonder what your lessons are
for those of us in another state
where we in prison now await
New York's first execution

Bedford Hills,
November, 1994

Kathy Boudin
North American Political Prisoner

February 11, 1990

**Walking
inside walls
3 pairs of feet
whisper softly against the harsh pavement
stifling all growing things
A cool crisp morning
the sun promising to touch us
if only we can stay a while longer
Time's up
one hour done
We must leave
9:16 a.m.**

**Across the vast expanse of sea
a continent away
it is 4:16 p.m.
on a brilliant sun-swept afternoon
Nelson Mandela's last footsteps
echo on yards ringed by walls
as he crosses through the steel gates
into the radiance of African eyes
and voices
raising in syncopated jubilation
 "Nelson Mandela is Free"
 "Free South Africa"
resounding around the world
reaching inside these walls
where we too
stand in sweet company**

February 11, 1990

*Marilyn Buck
North American Political Prisoner*

Untitled

**We're like a torrent
that springs from the heights,
a clear water stream
that gains strength in the plain,
subterranean current
always renewed
never stagnant water.**

**We are...Who knows how many:
the ones who are present
the ones who are not
the ones who left
and will have to return
the ones who wanted to come
but couldn't
those who haven't yet begun
the journey
those who have nothing to lose.**

**We're the ones who will never reach the sea
but will remain in the rain
we are those who are yet born
we're like a torrent
that springs from the
heights**

**A clear water stream
that floods the plain
subterranean current
always renewed,
never stagnant water.**

*Jose Jimenez Fernandez
Spanish GRAPO Political Prisoner*

Untitled

Remembrance and Observation
are my teachers
and not always are they kind
in the lessons they assign.

But I realize
that the silent studies;
from the long recall of memory,
from the confines of a prison cell
are Braille learnings
in the inhumanities!

When I close my eyes to recall
I find
time
has assaulted
recollection

When I open them
I perceive
violence
that time
will never erase

1994

Longing

it is almost painful now sometimes
to see a woman
because sometimes i can't look at a pretty face
vibrant with youth or
at the beauty in a face radiant with mature charm
sometimes i can't look at a face
without senses
(twisted up by the year after year of
my horizontal burial in this distant box)
going crazy on me/in me
my wire-crossed mutant senses mixing things up
so that i see a face sometimes less in my eyes
than in my nose
on my lips my fingers
playing tricks on me with scents
from between legs brushing lightly against each other
under the flowers of summer print
i imagine
i wonder
grow dizzy in fancy
sometimes it is hard for me to look at a woman
her form
her bends and turns
her roundnesses move
in my confounded head from shapes to shades
of tints that i can't see but feel
how dark the nipple
how bright the thigh
how richly deep the shadows near her secret place
sometimes it is hard for me to look at a woman
because
flavors i can't taste
textures i can't touch
taunt me
invade my eyes
flap inside their round rooms
with squarish winds.

Mondo Langa
Black Political Prisoner

After the Confiscation

of Gay Community News

There's been a terrible mistake
You've just informed me
that homosexuality
is **not** permitted
in this institution

I now inform you
that I am a homosexual
Therefore, I am not permitted
in this institution
and must be
immediately
released.

FCI Lexington
1992



Laura Whitehorn
North American Political Prisoner

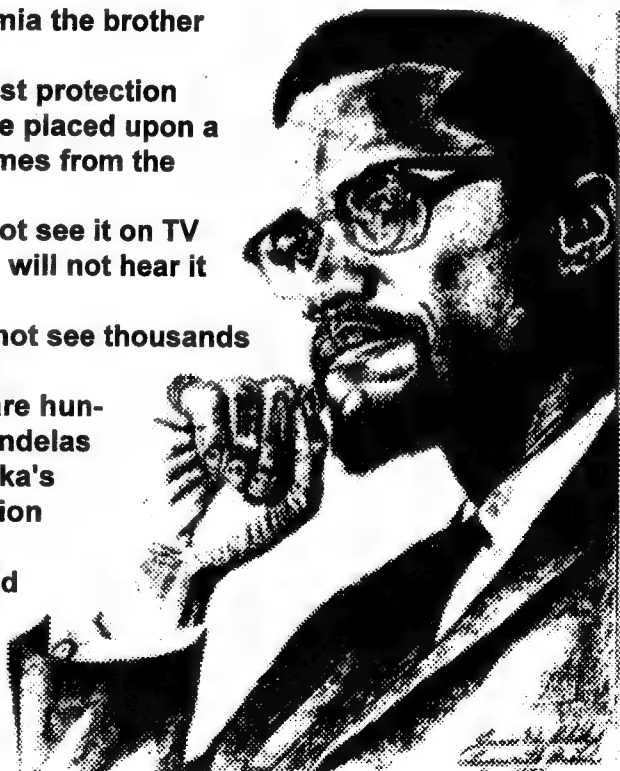
And We Said Never Again

**First it was Malcolm
Then it was Martin...**

**And we said never again!
No, we didn't save Malcolm
Nor did we save Martin**

**But we can save Mumia
Mumia the man
Mumia the altruist
Mumia the brother**

**The greatest protection
That can be placed upon a
person comes from the
people
You may not see it on TV
Surely you will not hear it
on NPR
Your may not see thousands
of T-shirts
But there are hun-
dred of Mandelas
in Amerikkka's
concentration
kamps
And we said
never
again!**



James Doc Holliday

Chango Olubala Bediako

Sad Melody

Andrew Young said:
"We're Jazz People"
and don't need no national strategy
we improvise
So as a community, as a nation
we're uninformed, unprepared
to help you, and stop them
from carrying our their plan to execute you.
And should it happen all we'll do
Is sing the blues.

*Albert Nuh Washington
Black Political Prisoner*

Criminal Justice

(on the savaging of Rodney King)

maybe if they had been enraged
red of face with anger
maybe then to say
"things got out of hand" or
"they lost it"
would have been digestible
but they weren't red-faced
just - as is too commonly the case-
red-necked
they swung their clubs
and kicked and stomped so cheerfully
so as to have difficulty
reporting to the ambulance the injuries
"black male" they said
"with head... ha... ha..."
"wounds"

*Mondo Langa
Black Political Prisoner*

The Unknown Condemned

"Farewell"

Whether the facts say
it was an accident
in cold blood
or even
"He didn't do it!"
It doesn't matter now
I've exhausted my last writ
Perhaps if I express
more regret and remorse
would that make a difference?
Would it alter the course?
Does it even matter
what the circumstances may have been?
The issue is now is
the State is putting my life to an end.
For all who have struggled
trying to stop this ultimate fate
please, don't stop now
even for me if it is too late.
There still remains the continuing question:
Whether innocent or guilty
full of remorse or none
what purpose is there now
in the killing being done?

Cannibal Justice

Execution -
the Religious Experience
of red-mouthed

white fanged
blue-cultured
killers

Buckley calls it "pleasure"
Yesterday's lynchers
love lynching today
in the land of hideous
judgments

where demons decide
where Oz oozes
mess in their chests

Something howled "morality"
while an innocent economy
chows

on guilty infants
Don't cover your real heart
with the rag flag
of the wrong right.

For Mumia

*Abdul Haqq
Black Political Prisoner*

An agenda of sadistic
lynch mobs with the
highest execution rate,
against oppressed people
who can not afford
a proper defense,
of which murderous
rules have impunity from,
a characteristic of an
uncivilized society and
a police state.

*Richard Picariello
Former North American
Political Prisoner*



Deh Dread No Fear

Deh Dread did never fear to look at deh "Panther"
dat he know lay ready to spring

He did look his soul and sight deh condition of his
people, and he did not fear to look deh Panther
in deh eye.

An him had no fear to 'communicate' what he did see in
deh eye of the Panther.

Even deh Babylon gun no make him feel fear because
he knew dat millions of Panthers had been
attacked.

He knew dat dey had ~~been~~ cornered, and all 9 lives
crushed for the past 5 hundred years.

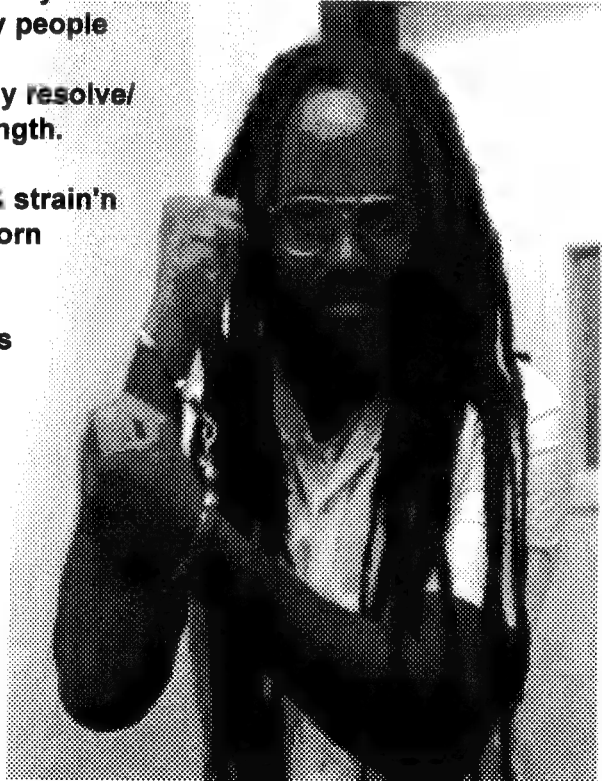
Deh Dread no fear Isolation,
Deh Dread no fear threat,
an Deh Dread no fear death.
An nothing will stop Him from looking deh Panther in eye.



*Hanif Shabazz Bey
Virgin Island Political Prisoner in U.S.*

Cutt'n Locks

Cutt'n locks
that workers made
from iron ore raped from the Earth
of 3rd world subjugation -
Locks
of finished steel-chromium-platinum
Pain
securing iron doors upon my existence.
Locked-up
Locked-down
Locked-in
Locked-out
Of the lives of my children
my people
Freedom is my resolve/
tears my strength.
Cutt'n locks & strain'n
with worn
blades
arthritic hands
& a dream



The Trouble With Change Is

The trouble with change is...

nobody's got time enuff 4 it
there's so many other pressing things 2 do
like get yr hair weaved
or, do some shopping
...unless we can do it during the commercial

The trouble with change is...

agitating 2 educate 2 organize
that shit take 2 much outta u
won't be no n-ergy left 4 the better things in life
like playing the latest spots
or sportin' the latest gear
lawd knows we can't do it while Janet is at the Garden
....unless the show lets out early

The trouble with change is...

it's just 2 much damn work
it's even harder than acting
like change ain't needed
much harder than just being happy with crumbs
while others have the whole pie
plus if u have the whole pie
you're responsible 4 cleaning the plate
and who wants responsibility anyway???

The trouble with change is...

it's real expensive
if we made change
we wouldn't be able 2 get no food stamps
no more section 8
and what about that free cheese?
hey... we only got \$400 billion a year!
and we need that 4 diner clothes and hair care
we ain't got no money to waste on change.

Yard Time

I run in squared circles
22 strides long by 11 wide
Brushing the walls with my shoulder
Nudging them outward - pushing against my confinement
Flying in my minds eye, challenging their oppression
I daydream of loved ones and glance at the sky
On the straight aways, 22 strides long by 11 wide
I fight all the battles ~~we~~ won on the streets,
I breath with the cadence I set with my feet,
And when I tire before I'm ready ~~to~~ stop
My mind recalls the story I'd read ~~so~~ often to my kids,
I think I can, I think I can, I think I can --
As the little engine struggles ~~to~~ the top.
And the joy of the children as they change the chant,
I thought I could, I thought I could, never say can't.
So the pain melts from my lungs
And settles in my heart
As my stride opens up
To the place at the start
While a new cadence grows as I cover the distance
One we all know --

Repression Breeds Resistance

Repression Breeds Resistance

Repression Breeds Resistance

*Trenton State Prison: Control Unit
12/10/90*

*Tom Manning
North American Political Prisoner*

Shadow Life

**Entombment like black smoke
will do damage deep in.**

**All the way in its twists
and coils into jagged
shards of eliminated time
creating a
shadow life that never sees light
No sunrays here
to shake the spirits free**

**What will it be
the upcoming state sponsored
execution?
Is it injectable?
Is it electrical?
Justice denied, yet again?**

**If the state murders
Mumia
all of us
will be diminished.
The deepest damage will
spread
and the particles that racism
breeds
will extend the shadow life.**

**Their message is clear
Do not be Black
Do not be radical
Do not be a political prisoner**

**There is still time to
SHAKE IT LOOSE
to pry open this iron fist
to shake spirits free
into the light
To free Mumia Abu-Jamal**

*Susan Rosenberg
North American Political Prisoner*

Mumia: A Warrior Among Us

**Alkebula, in his Original birth-place
400-plus years in amerikka, and still displaced
but as authentic as his knotty dreads,
and structure of his Original face
is the courage with which he battles against oppression of the
Human race.**

**From the womb between the Nile's river bed and Kebo of
Mt. Kilimanjaro,
Mumia emanates determined to help the oppressed on
Our fight to control Our own fate
By his side, struggling, is Wadiya, his strong,
Dedicated Black mate
struggling, against social contradictions,
and white supremacist hate.**

**Freedom to bondage, destined to be free again has always
determined Mumia's course of action
and with the spirits of Our Ancestors alive and will within him
he struggles, not withstanding captivity, without distraction**

**Against the odds, he battles in defense of Our Humanity
for a true Warrior knows no other way to be
and while some might consider this insanity
he is guided by the Warriors, who also fought to be free**

**Like Hannibal, in whose army cowards were forbidden
and Cinque, who refused to acquiesce to slavery
and Nat, who chose to fight rather than bend and be ridden
and Malcolm, determined to be free by any means necessary**

**Mumia is a Warrior, whose strength must transcend his
generation so that Our Children are able to withstand fascist
brutalization while struggling to realize New Afrikan Liberation
in Our Righteous pursuit of land and self-determination.**

Mumia is ■ fiery force that must not be extinguished.

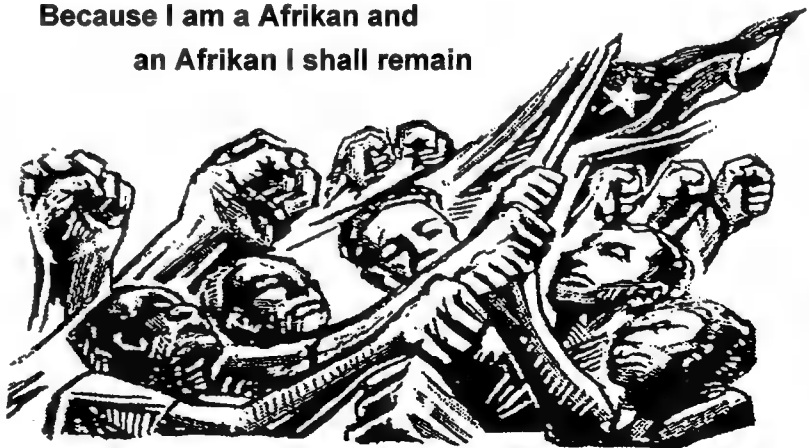
Identity Crisis

The racists call me nigger
The liberals call me Negro
They call my sistas down the street
colored or mulattos

I was called a spade and a jungle bunny the other day
But I kept my head up high and just walked away
They have a new one for us within this land
I heard it the other day
it was Afro-AmeriKKKan

I am not going to allow myself to be deceived
I know where I'm from
and I have my true identity

We are overseas Afrikan from across the distant sea
In spite of what they say or want us to be
This identity crisis is all in vain
Because I am a Afrikan and
an Afrikan I shall remain



After Seeing "Straight No Chaser"

a film biography of Thelonious Monk

The auditorium lights dim
and once again, Thelonious,
I watch your pain
(Reverberating round notes,
the piano sings)
I watch your shoulders
That's where it tells
if you're not completely sure
your ears are hearing things right.

Tensed
hunched
holding back
while pouring forth.

And suddenly, sitting here in prison
at 45
I'm back at the Gate and the Vanguard
at 17,
Learning a little,
by watching you,
to respect a pain
so great and so brilliant
no 17-year-old white kid
could comprehend it.

But I could learn, from you, to respect.

Such an important lesson.
Such beautiful music. Thelonious.

FCI Lexington, 2/91

*Laura Whitehorn
North American Political Prisoner*

A Poem for the Missionary

Dig Mish,
italked to your god and i finally understand
that he don't intend to change the
madness at hand...
like the poverty and homelessness - the misery i see,
and this White Power shit that be mashin' in me
and i know he caint wave his hand
and make the sick and dying well,
and i know that on earth can be heaven or hell.
i know i ain't gotta go to heaven to eat a piece of pie,
pie here! pie now! before i die!
Yeah, i talked to your god and of one thing i'm sure,
he doesn't give a damn about the Black and the poor.
What did he look like, you want to know?
Well, i'll give you his description and then i'll go:
He looks like a dirty White boy who's a
member of the klan,
and an Afrikan-hating Arab with a sword in his hand
He looks like a Zionist Jew and acts like
somebody chose him,
he's pervert like de Sade and thinks
everyone should blow him.
He looks like a little fat buddha who thinks that
everything is funny,
and a jive-ass niggah that sold out for money!

*Prince Imari Obadele
New Afrikan Political Prisoner*

True Democracy

I shook the hand of
democracy (American Style) and found it
cold... Now I'm searching for a true
Democracy called

S-E-L-F-

D-E-T-E-R-M-I-N-A-T-I-O-N

Ojore Lutalo
Black Political Prisoner

3 Haiku for Mumia Abu-Jamal

Young Panther, the bold
journalist, His crime? -- speaking
the truth to power.

With huge heart, wry wit,
and ardent analysis --
a torch for freedom

Sunny, Slightly sly,
smile slips through barren bars to
sprinkle us with life.

David Gilbert
North American Political Prisoner

Remembering A 15 year-old Palestinian

Woman in Prison,

Chained to the Bed Springs,

She Had Refused to Stop Singing

Singing songs

chained

for singing

clear melodic minor notes

welling from sweet young throats

**and mouths which have tasted the tightness of
screaming silences**

And still songs soar

Songs sung sweetly

soaring skyward

Reeling

Remembering

Revealing

souls and spirits

Women singing songs

lullabies lovesongs

and blues songs

chanting cantillating songs

of living life

and dying death

Searching out sounds

not yet noted

on bars

not yet ordered on scales

Exploring the breadth of hell

Seeking the expanses of the universe

and freedom

Summer, 1989

Marilyn Buck

North American Political Prisoner

Dedicated to Mumia

Here's a song, i write for a Brother, his spirit and style, is one that's like no other, they call him voice of the voiceless, and now he's on Death Row, if the state has its way they'll sure 'nuf tag his toe, don't want him to die, and to those who question why, the answer is simple, state murder is genocide, he joined the Black Panthers, and gave his very all, remember the name, Mumia Abu-Jamal.

Dedicated to Mumia... Dedicated to Mumia...

To his Black mother, don't you cry, We not gonna let your Lovin' son fry, We gonna take to the street, 'cause state murders must cease, ifZZZ there' be no justice, then they'll be no peace, Mumia's innocent, and that's a bet, but from the racist court system, resistance is all he's met, but he won't give up, and he won't give in, because the fight is not over, not until We win, one day We gonna see Yah, a radical song, i dedicate it to Mumia,

Dedicated to Mumia... Dedicated to Mumia...

A policeman was killed, and then Mumia was blamed, but We all know the deal, many Panthers was framed, but the jury said guilty, and then as fast as a jet, here comes the judge, with a sentence of death, and as the time fades away, the people's watching the clock, We don't have the jail key, but we can sure bust the lock, it's the will of the people, that we know is free yah, i dedicate this song to a Brother named Mumia

Dedicated to Mumia... Dedicated to Mumia...

Death row, you got to go, he was the dreadlock reporter, staunch MOVE supporter, so they attack the messenger 'cause they don't like his message, but Mumia kept talkin' and the pigs kept stalkin', Abu-Jamal, he is a hell-of-a-guy, there'll be no tears, from this Brotherman's eye, to the u.s. of a., the people tell you today, if you murder Mumia, We swear you gonna pay, but this can all be solved, once the masses of the people become involved, so the Brother who's strong, here's to you, a righteous song, dedicated people won't leave you alone, and to this, I say right-on, in this struggle our purpose in NIA, support the Black Brother, his first name is Mumia,

Dedicated to Mumia... Dedicated to Mumia...

Hatari wa' Haki

Slavery

I am owned
No, it's not outlawed
For outlaws
Property of Uncle Sam
Woman owned by man
Just another day
just another dollar
Four AM 'til nine at night
just to pay my fine
Buy some phone time
Eat their food
Drink their water
Sleep in their cage
Live by their rules
Get our when they let me
And then...
Piss in their cup
Fill out their form
Hold down a job
To pay a debt...
To who, I don't know
But I'm paying with
My life

The Same Moon

Thee moon, friend, lies softly over the outlines of these black hills.

Constantly the train keeps rattling towards my town.
On early morning at my arrival the moon stands coldly high over the houses.

The moon, helvano heja, stands high over the mountains of Botan and Cudi, shines into the villages of Dossim and Hektari, lightens the streets of Batman and Diyarbakir.
And in Derik, Zaxo, Erbil, Afrin the same moon pours out courage and hope, friend, as your laughter does.

The moon, friend, accompanies my way through his cold land.
The same moon, maybe a bit paler.

My heart is like a heavy stone.
Between all the neon signs and behind all the high walls the moon often cannot be seen.
We must sharpen our eyes.

And if we listen very carefully, there is your laughter, friend, between all the noise, courageously and wisely in the struggle and full of the joy of life.

(helvano heja is Kurdish meaning comrade moon)

Long Live International Solidarity.
April, 1994

East Boston - 1955

It's three blocks from the subway to the candy factory
Two short blocks of simple businesses, barber shop.
Tinsmith, Mary's grocery store, a bowling alley
one flight up

In summer, tavern doors open, mens bars.
Some are noisy, gregarious. One is dark, dank, like a cave
Longshoremen mostly, with railyard workers,
petty gangsters.
Sports fans, betters and thieves of busted crates.

One long block, the projects, a red & white brick monolith.
Tall and square along a wide cobblestone street,
That borders the waterfront with its wharves
and weed trees.

Windows close by the sidewalks, voices, radios,
The clatter of dishes and the smell of cooking
Window-screens bulged and broken by the foreheads
of curious youth

Youngsters by the score, hanging from railings
and bannisters.
Playing handball with mop sticks, throwing pebbles
from rooftops.

Which is more threatening to the women
who come from the subway early each morning?
To make that three block walk to the candy factory,
Then back again in the afternoon.
The mornings must be a pleasure, the street empty, quiet.
Compared to the afternoons, crowded with
young folk and old,
Who stop and stare at the women
who come from another world
To make chocolate candies in a nine-storied factory
Down by the harbor that separated
Their part of the city
From ours,
Black and White.

USP Marion

Tom Manning
North American Political Prisoner

Ode to Human Rights

I read the writings of a Russian
I read the writings of a Russian woman
I read the writings of a Russian woman dissident
I read the writings of a Russian woman dissident poet
I read of her four years in Soviet prisons and Siberian camps
I read of her fellow politicals and their struggles
and their resistance
I read of her fellow politicals in Soviet Siberia
because of their writings
because of their writing
for their poems
for their samizdat
for their struggles
because ideas alone do not can not
have never made change.
Ideas alone do not make change
they lost their liberty

And the government wouldn't recognize them
but what was all of the West did.
I read the poems of a Russian woman dissident poet
who spent four years in Soviet prisons and Siberian camps
and I knew of their suffering and their struggles
This Russian woman dissident poet went on hunger strike
and she was thin, and she was sick, and she almost died
in her heart, from the cold, and from the state.

I can tell you there isn't a political prisoner in the world
who would not, who could not recognize the weapon of identity
used in the battle of wills that is our life, is our meaning,
is our necessity.

I read the writings of a Russian woman dissident poet
while on her 20 city US tour to promote her Russian dissident
poetic writings
(And I laugh to myself at the United States in all its hypocrisy,
for it will not recognize its own political prisoners.)

*Susan Rosenberg
North American Political Prisoner*

A Call for Unity

and that those will come together

**who are touched by oppression
who understand that words betray the secret and kill the dream
who don't believe in talking
who know about the still unlivd life
who reject the punishment of the desire to destroy the machine
who don't fear freedom
who remain strangers in the land of competition
and individualism
who are amazed by the common egoism
who see through the payment and its costumes
who love the liberty of sexes
who get nervous only if four walls are mentioned
whose sincerity lets them take up arms that will pave the way for
the children threatened by dying in the fire to fulfill the
promised joy of their helpless parents
who respect the way of the guerrilla
who want to look further
who don't deride the struggle for harmony and
recognize the division
who rebuke the nation into prehistory
who understand imperialism as levelling
who hate judging and seek the political power
who feel pride in the sound of the front
who many years ago have been meeting the Panthers by vision
in whose hearts the dead fighters are living
who more than the concentration camps detest those passing by
with their faces turned away
who are startled by contempt
who fight the tradition of the burned ships
who see the possible richness.**

August, 1994

Christian Klar

German Red Army Faction Political Prisoner

We Want His Freedom Any-Way For Mumia

So you say, at least this period has passed, they lost
We must kill him, He must pay
The words he spoke taught too much
Shed the light, Exposed the Truth
WE WANT HIS FREEDOM ANY-WAY

Of course the power remains the same
Contradiction, ~~are~~ we to ignore?
Victory? There are many objectives
Fighting within the void of unpredictability
WE WANT HIS FREEDOM ANY-WAY

Shame! of what?
Truth will raise the light ~~he~~ illuminated
Move! Oh yes, that's the way
Reality! Fearless, tears no answer
Just fuel
WE WANT HIS FREEDOM ANY-WAY

We wouldn't then, and ~~we~~ don't now
Condone the killings of our future
Fearlessly ~~we~~ march, sing and draw
To DAM with the consequences
WE WANT HIS FREEDOM ANY-WAY

We want our freedom Any-way
Here, comes the light - yes, and the wind too
Oh, its not the light but the breath of ~~its~~ glow
Oh yes, the wind must blow
WE WANT HIS FREEDOM ANY-WAY

I'll take my chances to join the fight
We must! ~~We~~ have no choice
For victory is in the fight
The results are the reward in the star chambers of death
You mix the Confused, Bad and Deviant

**With the Just and Righteous
Oh, know we're not confused
What must be said is that there is a difference
We are the victims
We know it's never changes
Release the DREAD - Repent the abuse of power
WE WANT HIS FREEDOM ANY-WAY**

**The gas, The chair, The needle
You won't cleanse your hypocrisy that way
The battle field of HUMANITY challenges your genocide**

**We beg not
Our spirits call to a higher AUTHORITY
We are not ashamed
It's been our compassion against all odds
The passion & justice of our conviction
cleanses our concern
WE WANT HIS FREEDOM ANY-WAY**

**We've come too far to submit
Patty-Roller - Whippings - Hangings too
DAM THOSE SHIPS!
Hold fast BROTHER, we can see our light
Of course the light will be lit again
WE WANT YOUR FREEDOM ANY-WAY
YOUR FREEDOM IS OUR FREEDOM ANY-WAY**

1/20/95

*Mutulu Shakur
New Afrikan Prisoner of War*

The Bluest Blue

This ~~is~~ a blues for the brothers killed in prison
and for the families who didn't get ~~to~~ say good-bye
This is a blues for all of the good ~~women~~ and men behind bars
for the crime ~~of~~ being poor, Black, Mexican or Indian
or for refusing to kneel
This ~~is~~ a blues for the work undone,
the art unmade,
the poems unwritten,
~~the~~ star undiscovered,
the songs unsung.
This ~~is~~ a blues for those who will die of old age
without seeing the street again.
This is a blues for those who have been shot off the wall,
cut by the razor wire or run to the ground by dogs,
and for those who got away for awhile.
This is a blues for those who surrendered
and for those who shot it out.
This ~~is~~ a blues for every prisoners with AIDS, with HIV,
with cancer;
for every prisoner who ever died
for want of medical ~~care~~ she would have had on the street
This is a blues for the jailhouse junkies,
wineos and all who are dying on their feet
trying to keep the pain away.
This is a blues for every prisoner who ever hung up,
for every prisoner ever murdered by ~~a~~ guard
and hung up to look like a suicide.
This is ~~a~~ blues for every prisoner who ever went crazy
inside ~~a~~ cell,
for every prisoner who couldn't make it back on the street
for every prisoner in solitary,
for every prisoner who ever gave up.
This is a blues for every prisoner who lives each moment to the
fullest, in spite of everything,
for every prisoner who discovered her intellect
in the penitentiary.

**This is a blues for every prisoner that works in the prison factory
for next to nothing and sends what he makes to his family.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who has lost a wife,
husband, friend or lover while inside
for every child who can't understand why Daddy or
Mommy can't be with them.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who ever watched a sunrise
through prison bars,**

**for every prisoner who struggles to see the moon beyond the
glare of the searchlights**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who's ever been too cold at
night, or too hot, too wet, too thirsty or hungry
and there was nothing to be done.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who has ever refused an
inedible meal or a comfort or a privilege out of principle.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who ever gave his only blanket
to his brother when it was cold, or gave food to a stranger.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner that still wants
to be a gangster,**

and for every gangster who's about to become a prisoner.

**This is a blues for every prisoner who's inside for doing the
right thing on the outside.**

**and for every prisoner who's been doing the right thing since
she got busted.**

**This is a blues for every woman who's ever loved a man
in prison**

**and for every woman in prison whose husband or lover
never came to see her.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who's never had a visit,
or a letter**

**for all the letters never sent and never answered,
for every letter ever thrown out by a guard.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who's spent a night in a cell
gagging on the stench of shit, piss and vomit.**

This is a blues for prison soap, tooth powder,
and pressed wool blankets.
for disinfectant, roach spray, and sulfur ointment.
For sheets too short, socks too small, mattress too thin.
This is a blues for every lie ever told to a prisoner by a guard,
This is a blues for every weight pressed, every brief filed,
every cigarette smoked,
every sleepless night behind a wall or fence.
This is a blues about strip searches, cell searches, shakedown, inter-
rogations, and a life of violations and indignities that
only one who's been there could ever comprehend.
This is a blues for every prison bully looking for someone to kill,
for every prisoner ever stabbed in anger,
for every prisoner ever stabbed for no reason.
This is a blues for the weak and preyed upon, and for the
predators whose own hearts were the first victims.
This is a blues for the rebels, the thoroughbreds,
the stand-up convicts,
for every convict who rode his own beef,
for every convict who rode someone else's beef
and never said a mumbling word.
This is a blues for every mother who cried for her son
or daughter in prison,
for every prison mother that cried for her children
on the street.
for every child who's already on the track to the
penitentiary.
This is a blues for the prison snitch whose punishment is
having to live with himself.
This is a blues for every prisoner who'd be on the street
for want of a competent lawyer
for every prisoner on Death Row
for every prisoner officially murdered by the state,
for every prisoner murdered off the record,
for every prisoner with Life, no parole, no hope,
for every woman prisoner demeaned, insulted, molested,
or raped by male guards

**for every woman convict treated like a child,
for every prisoner ever force-fed while on hungerstrike,
for every prisoner made to chop cotton, hoe cabbage,
make license plates, sew blankets, dig ditches,
pick garbage,
for every prisoner ever beaten,
for every prisoner bused or airlifted while shackled
like a slave,
for every prisoner who cannot read or write,
for every prison prayer unanswered,
for every prison dream deferred.**

**This is a blues for every prisoner who couldn't get
to his loved one's funeral,
and for every prisoner who died alone
and had no one to claim the body.
This is an international multi-racial equal opportunity
affirmative action blues,
a blues especially for everyone else who doesn't
give a fuck about prisoners
'cause they're worse off than us.**

**This is a blues that shouldn't have to be -- a lost blues.
The bluest blues.**

This is a blues just lookin' for freedom.

*Lewisburg Penitentiary,
December, 1993*

*Tim Blunk
North American Political Prisoner*

Mumia

**Mumia, you be that spark that ignites
me and my generation to
Organize against and Resist oppression and all that it entails...**

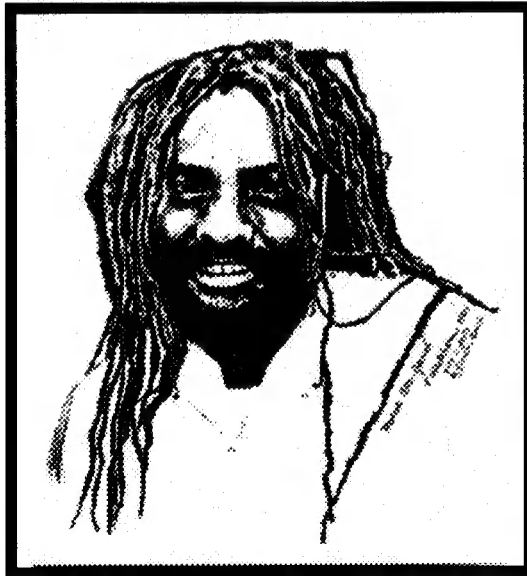
**Time is of Essence! The Nation can not allow another
freedom fighter and servant of the Nation be Murdered:**

**We cannot afford another loss, we won't allow it, it must
be demonstrated that we not acquiesce. Accountability will be
the order of the day!**

You be you, be that indelible spark of resistance.

October 25, 1994

George Jackson Brigade Collective



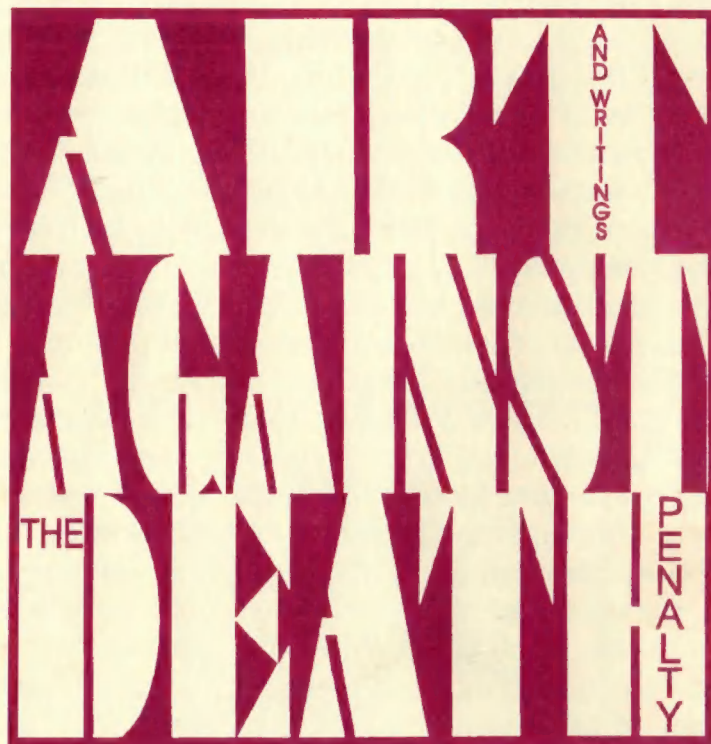
Laura Whitehorn

Comrade U'Bay Lumumba

Political Prisoners For Mumia

United States: Alberto Rodriguez, Sundiata Acoli, Tim Blunk, Leonard Peltier, Herman Bell, Kojo Bomani Sabudu, Ricardo Jimenez, Larry Giddings, Kalonji Jihad, Hanif Shabazz Bey, Marilyn Buck, Jaan Lamaan, Dylcia Pagan, Abdul Haqq, Carlos Alberto Torress, Mondo Langa, Susan Rosenberg, Silvia Baraldini, Michael Davis Africa, Janet Holloway Africa, Debbie Sims Africa, Janine Phillips Africa, William Phillips Africa, Delbert Orr Africa, Merle Austin Africa, Edward Goodman Africa, Albert Nuh Washington, Prince Imari Obadele, Luis Rosa, Sitwaan Naambda, Standing Deer, David Gilbert, Oscar Lopez-Rivera, Ida Luz Rodriguez, Abdul Shakur, Tom Manning, Edwin Cortes, Bill Dunne, Paul Wright, Linda Evans, Scott Seelye, George Still Day, Laura Whitehorn, Ojore Lutalo, Kathy Boudin, Ida Robinson, Mutulu Shakur, Richard Picariello, Ray Luc Levassuer, Carmen Valentin, Sekou Odinga, Massai Khabon, Shaka Shakur, Hatari wa' Haki, Abush Shakur, David Obika Tulam, Jihad Abdul Mumit, Adolfo Matos, Isabel Rosado, Derrick Quintero, Jalil Bottom, Bashir Hameed, Absul Majid, **Germany:** Irmgard Moeller, Eva Haule, Hanna Krabbe, Christine Kuby, Rolf Clemens Wagner, Adehleid Schultz, Christian Klar, Sieglinde Hofman, Lutz Taufer, Rolf Heissler, Helmut Pohl, Manuela Happe, Brigitte Mohnhaupt, Knut Folkorts, Karl Heinz-Dellwo, Collective of Prisoners Moabit-Berlin Prison **Italy:** Franco Sincich, Susanna Berardi, Caterina Spano, Ana Cotone, Renata Bandoli **Denmark:** Marc Rudin **Belgium:** Pierre Carette, Pascale Vandergeerd, Bertrand Sassoye, Didier Chevolet **Chile:** Collective of Prisoners Arpillera, Nieves Ayeress, Carlos Ayeress **Peru:** Collective of Women Political Prisoners Ayachucho **Spain:** Jose Jimenez Fernandez, Piri Aranburu, Jose Maria Sanchez Casas, Collective of GRAPO, ETA Political Prisoners **Canada:** Shawn Murray **France:** Joelle Aubron, Jean-Marc Rouillan, Nathalie Menigon **Irish Political Prisoners in the United States:** Pol Breman, Terrance Kirby, Jimmy Smythe, Kevin Barry Artt

For Mumia with Love



International Political Prisoners Unite to Save Mumia Abu-Jamal
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